

face worn to a blur.

If Rousseau had painted mountains, he might have painted them as

Timpanogos looks from the Heber Valley just before daybreak.

came a year or two after the first.

I had hiked over the divide from Big Cottonwood Canyon where for a hundred years Lake City people have had cottages. As I came onto the above Bonanza Flat, with the low, hole world opened east-

ward. September. I did not know but the Wasatch takes

second to no place in America.

in the splendor of the slopes of Snake Creek Canyon, a chain of yellows,

from Lemon to red-gold, sometimes

on the same tree, but always in

great masses from the aspens habit

of growing in groves. Light came off

the shimmering leaves until the very

air was gold. On the highest slopes

the balsams were nearly black; down

below the aspens the mountains

spread a tufted, woolly carpet of

bronze and gold where scrub oak

made a dense chaparral; where the

bare sagebrush spurs swept around

came over it in a borrowed pickup

truck in the fall of 1936, when it was

nothing but boulders and tree trunks

and raw earth. It took us nearly

three hours to make nine miles but

if we hadn't been worried about the

borrowed truck we would have

gloried in every minute of it.

For there it lay September again,

unchanged, exactly as it had been

witched me when I was 12: The

slopes of gold and scarlet and

bronze, the green bowl, the snow-

flecked ridge of the wild Wolf Creek

Creek, a canyon that now spread

wide and to California is used to

seeing wilderness suburbs

overnight, that did not seem too

radical a change in 35 years.

I DID NOT SEE THE Heber Valley

again after my second visit for

a good many years, until my wife

and I went up to the Heber Hot

spings stretching from the mouth

of Snake Creek Canyon almost to the

Provo River, had made the valley a

local resort for nearly a hundred

years.

Until we spent that pastoral

weekend at the Hot Pots I had

thought of the Heber Valley as part

of the mountain wilderness, for it

lies at the junction of two great

ranges, where the east-west Uintas

meet the north-south Wasatch.

It is surrounded by the Wasatch, Uinta and Ashley National Forests,

within minutes of the little-visited

eastern face of the Wasatch and

within hours of the remotest back-

pack wildernesses of the Uintas.

Provo River and its tributary

creeks are stocked with rainbow

and brook; Strawberry Reservoir,

25 miles southeast, has been a

famous lake for native cutthroat for

a half century. The ski resorts of Alta and Brighton are only a few miles westward as the eagle flies.

and skillfully organized into a

resemblance to that Utah symbol, a beehive.

GO TO "MUTUAL"—the Young Men's and Young Woman's Mutual Improvement Association—

which meets on Tuesday night in

every ward house in Zion, and be

impressed with how a church-centered

virtues can make everyone from

childhood up a participating and

responsible member of the group.

If you happen to be around in

July you can attend the Swiss Days

festival which has been flourishing

for the past few years. Try Nephi

Probst's smoked sausages; listen to

the glee clubs and choruses, which

are surprisingly good; and mingle,

on Midway's main street which for

a day or two is an old-world market,

with Mormon farmers in leatherhosen,

Mormon girls in bodices, Mormon

cows with bells on, contestants in

the state archery contest imitating

William Tell.

None of that was yet begun when

we stayed at old Schneitner's Hot

Pots in 1936, but we learned the

charm of Midway's shaded streets,

laid out on the four-square pattern

of Mormon revelation and sparsely

set with houses that illustrate every

stage of development since the first

settlement in 1857.

There are still-solid log houses

from the original village; and pot-

rock houses, square and lilac-smooth-

ed, almost as old; and frame

houses of latter vintage; and at least

two gingerbread houses, bright red

brick with trimmings of white

wooden lace, that were built by the

grandfather of Senator Watkins of

Utah. He made everything in them,

the bricks, the mortar, the sills and

lintels, the beams and floor boards,

by hand.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE either a

Mormon or a sociologist to

enjoy contact with a society so

coherent and—perish the word—